

## THOUGHT HE WAS SMART.

## But Circumstances Altered His Good Opinion of Himself.

During the present overflow of the Mississippi river a well dressed man, while picking his way through the woods, trying to avoid the water that was rapidly rising, came to a small knoll almost surrounded by the flood; and on the knoll he found a tall, lank fellow sitting on a log. The stranger, delighted at seeing a human being, ran up to the lank fellow and exclaimed:

"I never was gladder to see a man in my life. I have been in these woods nearly a day and a half. My horse and I went down with a caving bank; I managed to save myself, but couldn't save him. Now the question is, how are we going to get out of this infernal place?"

"Don't know," the lank fellow answered, "wallowing" his tobacco about in his mouth.

"Why, don't you know the woods?"

"Wall, did I know 'em patty well, but the high water has wiped all the roads out."

"Look here, the water is rising, and this is no time for foolishness. See, we are entirely surrounded."

"Yes, that's so (squirting a stream of tobacco juice through his teeth). Reckon we'll hatter wade."

"Do you know a place where the water is not very deep?"

"I did know yistidy, but the water has riz powerful since then."

"How long have you been sitting here?"

"Set down here this mornin'. Come out to look for the cow an' get tired, an' my plan is allus to rest when I git tired. I have heard it read outen the papers that a good many men die from overwork, an' sence then I am mighty partickler."

"But how do you expect to get out of this place?"

"Don't know exactly."

"But you've got to know pretty soon, for don't you see how rapidly the water is rising?"

"Yes, 'tis comin' up right peart. You air a stranger down here, I reckon."

"Yes, haven't been here but a week, and if the Lord will only let me out this time, I'll never come back. I wonder if I can wade out through there?"

"I reckon you can."

"I have a half notion to try it."

"But make it a whole one."

"I'll do it. I don't care to stand here till the water comes up round my neck. Well, good-by. If you want to stay here and be drowned it is no fault of mine."

"So long," the lank fellow replied, spitting through his teeth.

The stranger had waded about thirty feet when he lunged off over his head. He spluttered and floundered and finally got back on the knoll.

"Whew! that was awful!" he exclaimed.

"You scoundrel, why didn't you tell me?"

"How did I know what sort of a wader you are? Some folks kin wade surprisin' an' then others kaint wade so well. I tuck you for one of the boss waders, but now I see you ain't."

"I ought to jump on you and beat you. I declare, I don't know what to do."

"Thought you was goin' to jump on me."

"No, I don't want to hurt you. Look here, in less than a half hour from now this knoll will be under water."

"Ef I was goin' to bet, w'y I'd bet thatter way."

"And are you going to stay here and be drowned?"

"I kaint tell yet."

"You are a fool—that's what's the matter with you."

"Yes, I ain't a s'preme judge, but I've got mo' sense than to go out in a woods that I don't know anything about an' git drown'd."

"But you haven't got enough sense to get out of a woods that you do know something about."

"Oh, I think so." The lank fellow got up, went behind a tree, took up a canoe, and as he was preparing to shove it off remarked:

"I never fool with high water, cap'n, an' ef you buy land down here an' live on it awhile you'll larn a little sense y'osef."

"What are you going to leave me this way?"

"Yes, I've got rested now an' must go home an' tell the folks that I kaint find that fool canoe."

He shoved off the canoe and got in. "For heaven's sake take me with you," the stranger implored.

"Oh, I reckon it's best not to—might spill you to ride with a fool."

"Come back, my friend, I was hasty."

"Yes, I sorter think you was."

"I didn't mean to call you a fool—I'm the fool."

"An' am I a smart man?"

"Indeed you are."

"The smartest man in this country?" the fellow asked, slowly paddling the canoe toward the knoll.

"Yes, the very smartest."

"Wall, but am I the smartest man you ever seed?"

"Yes, I think you are."

"But you mustn't think—you must know it."

"Well, then, I know it."

"An' don't you think, or rather don't you know, that I would make a good governor?"

"Yes, I know you would."

"Up a president either?"

"Yes, you would make a good anything."

"All right, my boy, now you may git in. Oh, I tell you it do a man a power of good to travel round in this part of the country. He larns faster than ef he was in college."

—Orie P. Read in Arkansas Traveler.

**A Philistine's Suggestion.**

"That's a fine black mass you have there. Why don't you—"

"Well, what?"

"Why don't you paint the whole canvas black as the ace of spades and call it 'Night in Central Africa'?"—New York Sun.

**A Proper Apology.**

"That isn't a very good picture of the baby, is it, Lottie?"

"No, sir; but he isn't a very good baby."

—Harper's Young People.

**Held Up.**

Rube (the terror of the plains)—F yer holler yer go t' th' happy huntin' groun'!

Gitme that bufler robe! I've trailed yer fer miles.—Judge

## WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

## TROUBLESOME CLOGS IN THE WAY OF THEIR PROGRESS.

Public Prejudice and Professional Opposition—Kept Out of Hospitals and Denied the Advantages of Clinics—Advances Not Satisfactory.

"No, I do not think there has been a very rapid change in public sentiment in favor of women physicians," said Dr. Emily Blackwell, as she talked with me about the difficulties which she and her sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, had to contend with when they established themselves in New York nearly forty years ago.

"The change has not been a rapid one; it has been very slow, very reluctant, and it is yet far from complete."

"Yes, we did have trouble, much of it, in establishing ourselves here. My sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, preceded me by several years. She spent two or three years reading under the direction of physicians and then applied for admission to the medical colleges in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. But her application was denied in every instance on the ground that there was no precedent for such an action and that it would be an improper innovation upon established custom. But at last a medical school at Geneva, in this state, admitted her, and she took her degree there in 1849—the first degree in medicine granted to any woman in the United States. She continued her studies in Paris and London, and after I had received my degree from the school in Cleveland we came here to New York."

**SOCIAL OSTRACISM.**

"Did we meet with much opposition? Well, we found it impossible to rent an office, so strong was the opposition to the idea of women practicing medicine. We had to buy a house in order to get any place in which to open an office."

"But there was never any unpleasant personal experience. There was social ostracism, of course, and that was very unpleasant, and for a long time none but a few men physicians would hold consultations with us. From the beginning a few eminent men, foremost among whom was Dr. Willard Parker, rose above the prevailing prejudice and consulted with us and advised us just as with any young physician. For the most part, however, the men physicians refused to recognize us, fought against us, and a large number of the medical societies threatened to expel any member who consulted with a woman physician."

"And yet you say, Dr. Blackwell, that all the change which has come about since public sentiment was like that has not been a rapid one? Rather is it not wonderful that it has been so great?"

"No," and Dr. Blackwell's strong, kindly face, framed in its soft, white hair, took a more positive expression; "no, there is so much more that ought to come about that what has been seems almost small in comparison. What women have gained has been not by grace of popular favor, but by virtue of hard work, persistent effort and proved ability. And they have not yet received nearly all that their work ought to have gained for them. The popular prejudice against women physicians is still very strong. You know that yourself."

"Yes," I admitted, "I know numbers of people whose aversion to the idea of a woman doctor is so strong that they would always prefer any young and untried man physician to a successful woman of recognized ability and reputation."

**PUBLIC OPINION.**

"And as long as that is the case," said Dr. Blackwell, "we can't feel very complacent about the change in public opinion. The admission of women to medical societies has come about so slowly, too. I think the first was when I was admitted to the old Journal association, then the County Medical society, twenty-five years ago or more, when Dr. Isaac Taylor was president. Now women are admitted, I think, into nearly if not quite all the county associations and to most of the medical societies. But it is only very recently that the doors have been opened for them in those of Boston and Philadelphia."

"Public hospitals are not open to women physicians. They cannot hold positions in them, they cannot study as in terms, they cannot attend the clinics held in connection with them, they are barred from all of the many and important benefits that men physicians gain from these large public institutions. In private hospitals, particularly those founded or supported partly or entirely by women, they have all of these advantages, but their exclusion from the others is not only a handicap upon the advanced work which they might accomplish if they had the opportunity, but it is the result and the proof of that large body of hostile public sentiment which still exists against them."

"This opportunity for advanced work in medicine is the thing which I would most like to see women gain. They have done a little, it is true—written a few books and articles which have attracted attention, done a little original work in extending the bounds of medical knowledge. But they could and would do much more if they had the necessary opportunities for such work. What they most need now is to be able to prosecute post-graduate studies in medicine. There are many who have the ability and the desire to do this, and when larger opportunities have been granted them they will be able to help in the work of extending the boundaries of medical science and throwing light upon its dark corners."

"But do you not think all this will come about in time?"

"Yes, certainly, all in good time. We cannot expect the world to change very rapidly, after all. It is going on more rapidly now, since so many avenues have been opened for the higher education of women. These movements are all linked together, of course, and each shares in whatever advance another makes. The change has been as rapid and as general as could be expected, although it has been so slow, and all the rest that we wish for will come in time."—New York Herald.

## What to Do with a Mad Dog.

By threat he had become a millionaire, and he had a splendid St. Bernard dog which he was very proud of. One day the servant came to him horror stricken.

"Master, master! Cesar is!"

"Is what?"

"Mad! He won't touch water and he foams from the mouth constantly."

"Great heavens! It is lucky you discovered it in time. You must not lose a minute. Take the animal at once, before he has bitten any one!"

"Yes, sir."

"And sell him!"—From the French, in Texas Sittings.

## Cause for Chastisement.



Father—James, you know I disapprove very much of your fighting, but I cannot help feeling proud of you for whipping such a big boy as that. What did you whip him for?

Son (indignantly)—Why, he said I looked like you.—Racket.

## Drummers' Experiences.

First Drummer—On the Atlantic and Pacific railroad a few days ago a locomotive lost its smokestack in a collision. Well, sir, they just stuck a barrel over the hole and went right along as if nothing had happened.

Second Drummer—That reminds me of an accident that happened to a train I was on recently. The engine jumped the track and was smashed all to flinders; but in five minutes we were moving along toward the next station, where we arrived only a little late.

"Humph! How could that be?"

"We got out and walked."—New York Weekly.

## Wanted to Be a Man.

"Do you know of any good tailors?" said Willie Washington to a friend.

"Yes, I can direct you to several."

"I want five."

"Five?"

"Yas-as; I've got fough now. You know the proverb about nine tailors. Well, I thought I'd see what five moah would do for me."—Washington Post.

## The Technicality Defined.

Judge—I know of no precedent by which the petition of your client can be allowed.

Lawyer—Beg pardon, your honor, but I have here the records of a similar case, by which the petitioner was enabled to violate the law and to do so legally.

Judge—Ah! I see; you have discovered a technicality.—Chicago Times.

## He Wanted No Fighting.

"John," said a father to a lazy son, "why don't you go to work and earn some money?"

"It is because of my peaceable disposition, father."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I do not want my heirs to fight over my will."—Epoch.

## A Great Financier.

Cousin Fanny (as they admire the portraits of Jack's finances)—Her father is a great financier, isn't he?

Jack—Yes, and he's an expert accountant, too. You ought to have seen him foot up my spinal column when I asked him for his daughter.—Racquet.

## He Stayed Out.

Tramp—Say, pard, whose house is that?

Gardener—Mr. Whiffle's.

Tramp—Could I get anything by going in there?

Gardener—You might. The last one like you got sixty days.—Racket.

## Extra for Chickens.

Waiter—Heath's your boiled eggs, sah.

Twenty cents (a moment later)—Look here! These eggs have been set on for two weeks.

Waiter—Thank you, sah. Boiled chicken—two dollars, sah.—Yale Record.

## Built That Way.

Mr. Deakin—Yo's smokin' dat butt clean down t' d' brush.

Mr. Copeck—Yo's lyin'. I jess lighted dat seegar, but mah teef sets so fer back I hab t' poke him pretty well in t' git a grip.—Judge.

## Surprising.

"I, sir, when I was your age went to roost with the hens and got up with the lark."

"You did? Did you keep the lark in the same coop with the hens and yourself?"—Racket.

## Hard Hearted.

Charley—Sir, will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter?

Stern Father—No, sir; not a penny.—Chatter.

## A Country Idyl.

"Have you dug your grass?" asked the city chap

Of the starving farmer man, For he thought he would not crush the swain Beneath his social ban.

"How was your crop when you dug your grass?"

And did the canker worm destroy Your young cucumber trees?

"I love, good sir, the country air, From the town I fain would flee, And lose myself in rural dreams 'Neath the potato tree."

I would pluck the turnip from its vine, The whole of the living day, And rest beneath the grateful shade Of the bending cabbage leaf.

"Oh, I fain would be a simple swain And drive my yoke of cows, And rest at noon beneath the shade Of the rutabaga boughs."

Oh, I'd hute the woods for the coconut bush The whole of the living day, Or start at morn with the rustic hoe To dig the hills for hay.

"And if at noonday I grow faint With my labor's strain and rush, I would mix the milkweed's luscious milk With mush on a luscious mush."

I would pluck the pineapple from the pine— But why has your color fled? But the farmer felt with a sickening thud— The farmer man was dead!—Texas Sittings.

## The Musical Poodle.

A gentleman, who had retired from business, devoted himself, heart and soul, to the enjoyment of music. Every member of the household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the homestead could in time bear a part in a chorus. One individual alone in the family seemed to have no taste for sweet sounds—this was a small poodle; but the gentleman firmly resolved to make this animal bear some part or other in the concert, and by perseverance he attained his object. Every time that a false note escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as was a small poodle; but the gentleman firmly resolved to make this animal bear some part or other in the concert, and by perseverance he attained his object. Every time that a false note escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as was a small poodle; but the gentleman firmly resolved to make this animal bear some part or other in the concert, and by perseverance he attained his object.

The poodle perceived the meaning of these unkind chastisements, and instead of becoming sulky showed every disposition to howl on the instant a false note was uttered without waiting for the blow. By and by a mere glance of her master's eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end the poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with false notes that the slightest mistake of the kind was always signified by a yell from her. Sometimes her master and his friends took a pleasure in annoying the dog by emitting all sorts of harsh sounds from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature lost all self command, her eyes shot forth fiery flashes and she sent forth long and frightful howls. But persons were obliged to be careful not to go too far, for when the dog's patience was very much tried she became altogether wild and would fly fiercely at the tormentors and their instruments.—New York Mail and Express.

## She Felt Insulted.

"I think you are too stupid for anything."

"Pardon me, but it was purely a mistake."

"Make out my bill and I will leave the house."

"Yes, ma'am."

This is only part of a spicy dialogue in which a plain looking, impulsive woman and a hotel clerk were the characters. It was spoken at the Richeieu. After the vexed guest had left the office the clerk explained the cause of the trouble.

"It's like this," he said. "When a lady unaccompanied by a male escort comes to a hotel she sends her name to the office by the bell boy. Then she is registered and given apartments. Now, this woman did not have a card at hand when she came in, and I put her name down just as I understood it from the lips of the boy. She came in here about fifteen minutes ago and, turning over the register to the date when she arrived, espied in my bold handwriting the name 'Mrs. E. B., Louisville, Ky.'"

"When she read that she was well nigh daft. She raved about here, called me stupid and threatened to go away from the hotel. I saw that I had spelled the name improperly and felt sorry, for one hates above all things to have a misspelled name. After the tempest had somewhat subsided I ventured to say that perhaps I had written the name incorrectly."

"Indeed you did, young man," she angrily retorted. "My name should be written with two ss. I am a Miss and not a Mrs."

"Then she flounced out of the office like a sailboat going with the breeze. Suppose she thought the prefix would spoil her matrimonial chances. Some guests are cranky that way."—Chicago Tribune.

## Uses of Seaweed.

The various uses to which seaweed is now found to be applicable are far in excess of what were ever dreamed of in years past. Formerly iodine, bromine, magnesia, and potash salts were the chief products of this bountiful substance of nature, which was also employed, as is the case now, when more or less decomposed, as a fertilizer on land adjoining the seacoast, its yield of ammonia being upwards of 2 per cent. Some varieties were collected as articles of food in Scotland, Ireland, Norway, etc. Of late years seaweed has been made into charcoal, and into a material for whip handles, and still more recently the curious substance known as algin has been produced from it, having been introduced as a stratum for photographic films, and for other purposes.

From this material, algin, what is termed alginic acid is likewise obtained, and by acting upon the latter with nitric acid a new light colored dye, which is insoluble in water, but dissolves in alkalis, yielding a brown solution, has been discovered. It is said that the ammonia solution of this new product dyes cotton a fine Bismarck brown, which is not removed by soap, and is found to be not only equal to aniline dyes of the same description, but to excel many of them. Unlike aniline dyes, this new product will dye cotton, but not wool, and its acid solutions will not act as dyes at all.—Montreal Star.

## A Faithful Servant for Sixty Years.

At the present time, when one of the chief troubles of housekeeping is the getting and keeping of servants, a record of one who faithfully served a family for sixty years is worth recording. Hiram Phillips, colored, was born in Goshen, N. Y., in 1816, and when a boy of 14 was taken into the employ of Thomas and Benjamin Gale, twin brothers, who soon afterward removed to this city and were engaged in the wholesale grocery trade, living on Whitehall street, then a fashionable part of the town.

They brought Phillips with them as their butler, and he served them till their death and then entered the service of the Misses Thorne, of No. 127 West Fifteenth street, the nieces and heirs of the Gales. He never left their employ, going to the house early every morning and returning at night to his home at No. 125 West Twenty-seventh street. He died from old age, and his mistresses deplore the loss of an old, honest and faithful servant. He leaves a widow and a grown up family.—New York Tribune.

## Classified.

The burning of the Whittier school building at Fortress Monroe a short time since recalls to mind an amusing incident which occurred there about the close of the war. At that time there was a man among the colored people for education, and the school was made up of all sexes and ages. At the end of a year an exhibition was given to show what progress had been made, to which a number of prominent people were invited. The teacher stated that if any person in the audience wished to ask the students any question they could do so. A strapping big fellow, who wore only a shirt, trousers and pair of government shoes, was called on to read. He got along very well until he reached the word "biped." Here a gentleman in the audience interrupted, when the following dialogue occurred:

"My nann, what is the meaning of the word biped?"

"A biped is a beast."

"Why is a beast a biped?"

"Because it has four feet."

"Are you a biped?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I hasn't got four feet."

"What are you then?"

"I'm a cupid!"—New York Tribune.

## The Cause of the Gloom.

"What's the matter, for heaven's sake?" exclaimed the frightened passenger, rising and groping helplessly about.

"Nothing, madam," replied the conductor of the Chicago suburban train reassuringly. "Don't be alarmed. Sometimes people think we've broke through into a tunnel, and sometimes they think there's a terrible tornado coming, but it's neither. The brakeman has just lit the lamps. That's all."

And the polite official cautiously felt his way along through the thick darkness toward the next car.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Brutal Joke.

"Is there any change in your pockets?" she asked.

"Yes," said he.

"Well, give me some money."

"I haven't any."

"But I thought you said there was change in your pockets."

"So there is; there was money in there yesterday, now there isn't. What do you call a change?"—Merchant Traveler.

## Catering to a Trade.